

10¢

SEPTEMBER NO. 17

FOLLOWED BY MILLIONS IN LEADING NEWSPAPERS EVERY WEEK

The SPIRIT

and EBONY





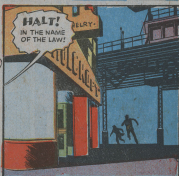
WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

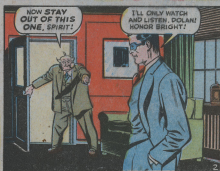


Here's a GOOD LOOK at two crooks the cops have yearned to see...

AIN'T NO LOCK
I CAN'T JIMMY
OPEN, SNICK!

LET ME AT THE
SAFE WITH THIS
SOUP!







HE LOOKS PEACEFUL, HAPPY--
AFTER THAT BAWLING OUT
DOLAN GAVE HIM!



THAT'S THE KIND
OF STOPS SNIKK
AND STUB WOULD
NEVER
PASS UP!

Moments later, at the
rear of the building...

NOW TO PRY
OPEN THIS
BACK DOOR...

HEY! SOME-
BODY LEFT THE
WINDOW OPEN
FOR US!



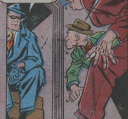
A DROP OF
SOUP WILL
OPEN THAT
SAFE LIKE...

YOU DON'T
HAFTA!
THE JERKS
LEFT IT
OPEN!



GREETINGS! I
JIMMIED MY WAY
IN AHEAD OF YOU!
DON'T I LOOK
LIKE SOMETHING
PRECIOUS?

THE
SPIRIT!



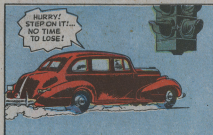
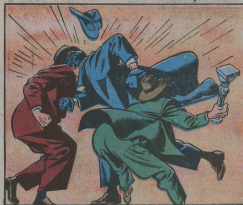
SET DOWN THAT
BOTTLE! WE DON'T
WANT ANY LOUD
NOISES!

GIVE HIM
THE BLADE,
STUB!

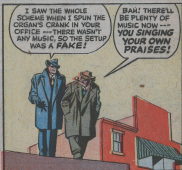


NO! NO CUTLERY!
LET'S JUST KNUCKLE
IT OUT -- TWO
AGAINST ONE!









JONESY

By **DIB**



WHY WE COME
HEAR, SO FAR
FROM CENTRAL
CITY, MIST?
SPIRIT BOSS?

BECAUSE
THE CENTRAL
CITY POLICE
HAVE NO
AUTHORITY
TO FOLLOW
**BIG JAKE
GOOLEY**
BEYOND THE
CITY LIMITS.
EBONY! BUT
WE CAN!



YOU LIVE AROUND
HERE? WE CAME
TO FIND **BIG
JAKE GOOLEY!**

GOOLEY?
GUY ABOUT
HALF A HEAD
TALLER 'N
YOU?...
**SWAMP
GOT HIM!**



YOU MEAN HE
NEVER CAME
BACK OUT OF
IT?... WHY
IS IT CALLED
**DIAMOND
SWAMP?**

I HEAR
TELL THEY'S
DIAMONDS
IN IT!...
PLENTY GO
SEE-- BUT
NEVER COME
BACK!



WILL YOU
RENT ME
YOUR BOAT
SO I CAN
LOOK FOR
GOOLEY?

NOPE! I'LL
SELL IT TO
YOU -- CUZ
I DON'T NEVER
EXPECT TO
SEE IT OR YOU
AGIN!





THIS LOOKS LIKE
A WATERWAY TO
SOMEWHERE!

LOOK AT THAT
'GATOR, NIST'
SPIRIT BOSS!



HE'S MAKIN' UP HIS
MIN' WHETHER TO
TAKE YOU FO'
SIZE OR ME FO'
FLAVOR!

I THOUGHT WE
COULD IGNORE HIM
— BUT HE DOESN'T
INTEND TO
IGNORE US!



MAYBE THIS WILL
TAKE AWAY HIS
APPETITE!



NEAH COME
HIS PALS! THEY
MUSTA THOUGHT
HE BLEW MESS
CALL!

THERE WON'T
BE ENOUGH
OF US TO
FEED THEM ALL
— SO LET'S
GO!

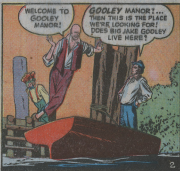


HEY!
LOOK!
... A
HOUSE!



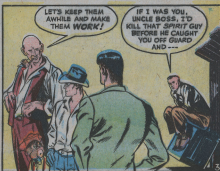
HERE'S
A ROPE!
CATCH!

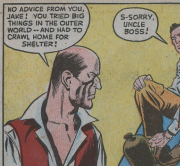
THANKS
A MALLYUN,
SUH!



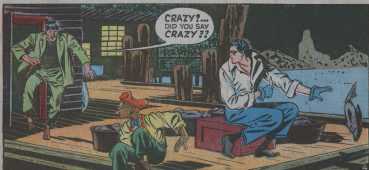
WELCOME TO
GOOLEY
MANOR!

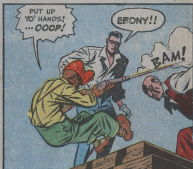
GOOLEY MANOR?...
THEN THIS IS THE PLACE
WE'RE LOOKING FOR!
DOES BIG JAKE GOOLEY
LIVE HERE?

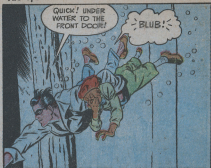




S-SORRY, UNCLE BOSS!



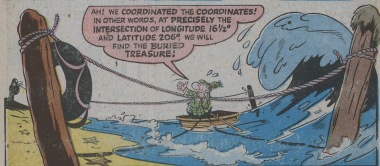


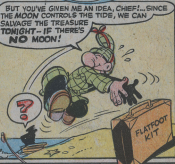
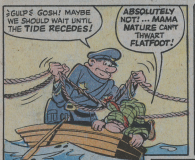
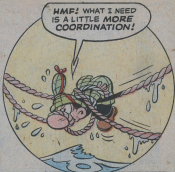
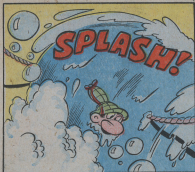


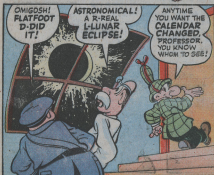
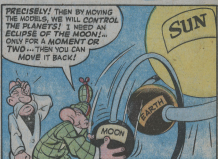
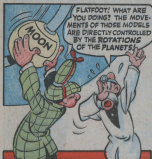


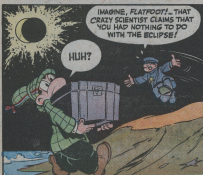
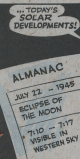
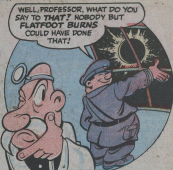
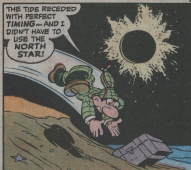
Flatfoot BURNS

STAR
DETECTIVE









The Galloping Ghost

THE house stood back from the street, shadowed by swaying trees, crouching like a dark menace behind its sagging fence. A stray beam of moonlight, slipping through the tatters of scudding clouds, fell upon the pale shafts of tombstones in the cemetery beyond. A rising wind whistled eerily through the trees, rattling the dead autumn leaves, tapping a sinister message of disaster from bony branch to bony branch.

Ebony White, small and very frightened, pushed against the legs of his idol and protector, The Spirit. "Mist' Spirit Boss," Ebony pleaded, "does we have to go into dat haunted house at dis time o' night? Cain't we hunt ghosts—if we got to hunt any ghosts—in daylight?"

The Spirit chuckled. He was a tall, lean, poised young man in a dark blue serge, with a dark blue mask shadowing his face. In the eyes of the law he was an outlaw, but to those whose lives he had saved by his cool brain and cold daring, this Spirit was the very representative of true justice.

"Ebony," The Spirit said, "if you can locate any ghosts that walk in daylight, I'll oblige you by hunting them in daylight. But Mr. Sessions insists these ghosts walk only late at night. Commissioner Dolan doesn't seem interested in haunted houses nowadays, with Petro Pete's mob lifting everything movable right under the noses of the police. But being a free lance, so to speak, I can indulge my curiosity at will. And Ebony, stop snapping your fingers. We want to be quiet about this."

"Dose," Ebony said with dignity, "ain't mah fingers. Dose are mah lil ol' tee' chatterin'."

They slipped quietly into the dark house. Until recently, the house had been occupied by a Mr. Sessions and his family. But night after night the sound of ghostly feet galloping swiftly up and down the walls had driven them out. Sessions had gone to the police but Commissioner Dolan had dismissed his story with a snort. Only The Spirit, by some hidden sense, guessed a deeper motive behind the hauntings.

Now, crouching in the thick darkness of the bedroom, The Spirit pressed Ebony down beside him and waited. Almost immediately it began. First a sound like the patter of small feet filled the darkness, running swiftly up and

down a section of wall close by. In a shaft of moonlight, The Spirit could clearly see that nothing was moving against the wall. He got up and peered into the adjoining room. Here, too, the wall was empty but the sound of the feet went on.

Mice, The Spirit thought, or perhaps rats. As if to answer his guess the sound changed from a soft patter to a heavy *thud-thud-thud*. Beside him, Ebony moaned and shivered as the thudding steps walked slowly and purposefully up and down the empty wall. Then there was a soft knock-knock, a pause, and more pacing steps.

Suddenly The Spirit leaped to his feet and ran on quiet toes to the attic stairway. He darted up those stairs and through the door above. A flashlight in his hand clicked on and a beam of clear light outlined three startled figures crouched around the low-hung eaves of the house.

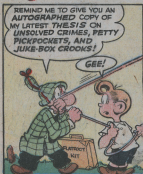
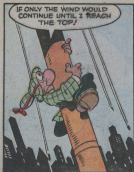
"Get him," somebody yelled, "before he can spread an alarm."

Three burly figures hurled themselves forward. The light went out and, like a phantom, The Spirit darted aside. His fist lashed out. There were three sodden cracks, followed by the sound of falling bodies. As the light clicked on again, Ebony burst up the stairs, panting and shaking, yet wielding an immense andiron like a club. "Awright, you ol' ghosts, you," Ebony panted. "You let mah Mist' Spirit Boss alone or I'm gonna flatten you into jes' plain shadows."

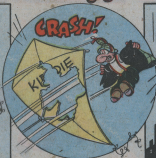
"Hold it, Ebony," the Spirit chuckled. "Here are your ghosts—Petro Pete and his two pals, laid out cold. You can go call Dolan and have him bring a paddy wagon out for them." He smiled, turning the light beam toward a row of small boxes, each tied to a coil of light rope on the floor. "Being a Spirit myself, I was sure no ghosts were cutting in on my haunting preserves. I experimented a bit this afternoon and discovered that lowering heavy boxes down between the walls of a house sound just like feet tramping up and down. I remembered Petro Pete always vanished in this neighborhood and guessed he'd pick a remote house like this to hide his loot."

Ebony drew a deep breath. "Dat jest goes to show," he said, "dat if houses is haunted by ghosts, ghosts is haunted by De Spirit."

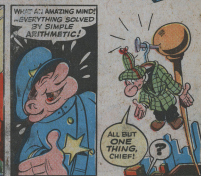
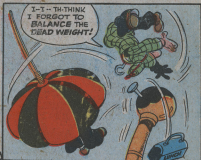




The Spirit



The Spirit



The Spirit

THE

SPIRIT

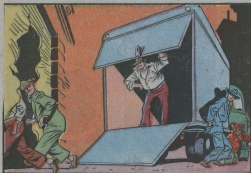


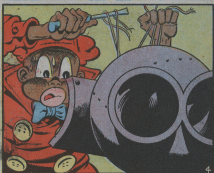
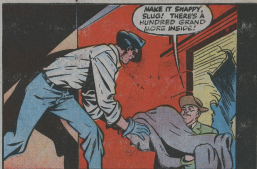
by
Will Eisner

The Spirit



The Spirit







SHO' HOPE AH REMEMBER WHERE AH BROKE THE WIRES!

The Spirit



JUST AS I THOUGHT--
TELEVISION!



DO WE LOAD
THIS SALVAGE
SCRAP ON THE
TRUCK, TOO?

NO, I'VE A
BETTER IDEA!
LOOKOUT
NOW!



IT WORKS ON A RADI-
BEAM! I CROSSED
THE WIRES SO IT
IS FOLLOWING
THE BEAM!

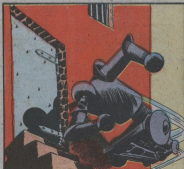
S'POSE
IT CHANGES
ITS MIND!



FOR MANY BLOCKS DOWN THE DESERTED STREET
INTO THE WAREHOUSE DISTRICT!

THIS HEAVY
PLACE GIVES
ME THE CREEPS!

SHHH!
IT'S SLOWING
DOWN!



A ROBOT AMUCK!
DON'T LET HIM AT ME!
DO SOMETHING,
PROFESSOR!

I CAN'T!--
DON'T LET
HIM PASS!

LET ME
OUT OF
HERE!

CRASH!



THE
GAME'S
UP!

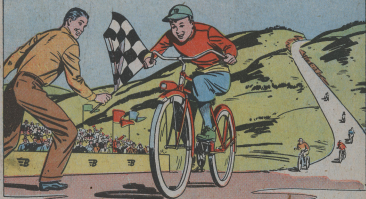
THE
SPIRIT!
--WE'RE
GONERS!

The Spirit

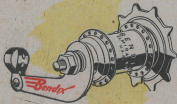




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NAME _____ AGE _____
(Please Print Plainly, Include Home Number)
ADDRESS _____

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Charles Atlas

Actual Photograph of the man who holds the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

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When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, snapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how short a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS!

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(Please print or write plainly)

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